Teephone No. 3.

AMERICAN CEREAL CO.

VOL. 27, No. 11.

RAVENNA, O., WEDNESDAY, OCTOBER 31, 1894.

WHOLE No. 1363

FIRE: FIRE! FIRE! Insurance a Specialty.

Ho! Good people of Portage County! Do

E. M. WALLER,

who has bought the M. A. King Fire Insurance Agency—the largest in the County—and is now giving his entire time to the insurance business Reasonable rates and honest dealing is the OFFICE in Phenix Block, over J. C. CLARR'S Dry Goods Store, Ravenna, Ohio.

Are now ready, and still coming. They consist of the latest styles

MEN'S YOUTH'S

BOYS' AND CHILDREN'S

OVERCOATS, PANTS, HATS, CAPS, UNDERWEAR,

HOSIERY. GLOVES, TRUNKS, VALISES,

NECK WEAR, UMBRELLAS, &c. Together with the best WORKINGMEN'S GARMENTS sat Sarah Ann, Intent upon a thrilling

MERCHANT TAILOR, GENTS' FURNISHER,

No. 3 Phenix Block,

# GRAND DISPLAY

It Will PAY You to Visit Our Store

ANI SEE THE LARGEST LINE OF

NOVELTIES and FANCY PIECES! PLATED WAIRE &C.

To be found in one house in the State, Our Prices are Below Competition!

Our New Upholstered Rockers are Dandies, FROM \$2.50 UP. In CROCKERY Finest Line ever shown AND LOWEST PRICES.

Our Bargains in Lamps you should not let pass

Our UNDERTAKING DEPARTMENT IS IN CHARGE OF A. B. FAIRCHILD.
Which is a Guarantee that it will be well done.

W. A JENKINS & CO.



Willimantic \* Star Thread. thread and sewing, and a set of beautiful paper doll dresses in colors, for girls and boys. If you have a sewing machine you should use Williamantic Star Thread. All sewing machine manufacturers use Williamantic Spool Cotton and recommend it. All dealers sell it. WILLIMANTIC THREAD CO., Willimantic, Conn.

## THE BEST

\$1.00 Stay On Stable Blanket In the Market

CAN BE FOUND AT

G. W. Gockel's Harness Shop

On Main Street,

RAVENNA, O.

### IN THESE DAYS

Photographs To Give Satisfaction,

Must be of the Best

That's the Kind We Make!

You may be equally gratified by placing your Orders with us, not only for Photographs, but for Pictures and Frames of All Kinds.

J. H. OAKLEY. NO. 4, OPERA BLOCK,

# Who's to

Whose fault is it if you've been buying Shoes at stores where they don't care whether they fit you or not, as long as sell you something? It our fault-that's certain. We don't pretend to fit every pair of feet-that would be a

ridiculous claim-but we can show a fit in about forty nine out of every fifty cases. If you have corns, the chances are our Shoes will cure them.

Expert Foot Fitters,

### Smith and Brigham.

The Lost Page.

Upon the kitchen table with her work un-We have also on hand and coming a new line of

FOREIGN and DOMESTIC WOOLENS

For the Custom Trade, and are prepared to furnish the best of Goods, Trimmings, elegant fitting, well made, stylish Garments, at lowest figures. Give us a call.

Sat Sarah Ann, intent upon a thrilling novelette. The baker and the grocer's man knocked loudly, but in vain;
They kicked the paint all off the door, and went away again.
The fire went out, the light grew dim, but Sarah Ann read on, Intent upon the fortunes of Lord Algernon Whose proud and wealthy father designed pl. his son and heir for the beauty of the season, the Lady Maud de Vere.

She loved him, but Lord Algernon, much to his pa's distance of distance and the grocer's man knocked loudly, but in vain;
They kicked the paint all off the door, and went away again.

The fire went out, the light grew dim, but Sarah Ann read on, Intent upon the fortunes of Lord Algernon of the door, and went away again.

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Sarah Ann, intent upon the fortunes of Lord Algernon of Lord Algernon of Lord Algernon of Lord Algernon of the door, and went away again.

The fire went away again.

The fire went away again.

The fire went away again.

Sarah Ann read on, Intent upon the fortunes of Lord Algernon of Lord Algernon of the lord Algernon of Lord Algernon of the lord Algernon of the lord Algernon of t o'erhears The willful Lord proposing to the governess, who fears
She's unworthy of the honor, but she loves
him as her life.
And will do her very best to make a true and
worthy wife.
She still reads on, and as she neared the bot-She still reads on, and as she heared the bot-tom of the page.

She learned how Lady Maud became con-vulsed with jealous rage.

Forgot herself, and, maddened by the sounds of rapturous kissing.

Sprang forward—Sarah turned the leaf—the other page was missing.

### SISTER MARION.

"The lover is always selfish, especially it be a woman. She would kill her lover with her own hand rather than see him happy with another woman." The man in the corner by the fire dictated these words slowly and carefully; the girl at the table wrote them down. Then there was a silence and the girl looked across at the man ex-

"Is it getting dark?" he asked after a For Lewis Carrington had been blind for nearly six months. This was why he had engaged Marion Norman as his

"Yes, I can scarcely see," answered the girl. "Shall I light the lamp?" "No, I am tired," answered Carring-n. "Let us stop and talk." Marion put together the sheets in heir proper order, tidied up the table, and came over to the fire, by which she stood leaning against the mantelpiece and watching her companion. She was no older than Carrington, 35

orthereabouts, but she looked older than he did. A woman who has lived her life out of the sunshine—which is love—fades early. For the sunshine is good, even though it scorch at times. "Is that true, do you think?" asked Carrington lifting his head.

Marion blushed a little, and then she

emembered that the eyes which met her own could see nothing. "Is what true?" "That sentence about love and selfishess. Men know so little of women. Marion Norman sat down in a chair

by the fire and leaned her chin upon her hands as she watched Carrington: "I hardly know," she replied slowly.
"I hope not. I think—no. Indeed I am sure of it." "How do you know?" asked Carring-

ton, quickly. "Ah! forgive me. should not have asked that." In their four months' daily companonship, begun as a matter of business. they had grown into the habit of talking over many things together, and Marion looked forward to the ten minutes or so between the close of work and her departure as the pleasantest time of

the day. She turned her eyes from Carrington's face to the fire. "Yes, I have had my romance," she repled, and then she told him her story. It was a poor, feeble little romance, dead almost before it was born ten years ago, when Marion was a nurse at the London hospital. Merely a young doctor who was poor, a few flowers, and a note, which Marion still kept in her workbox, though she did not tell Carrington that. Some girls would scarcehave noticed it at the time, and would have forgotten all about it in a fortnight. But Marion cherished its memory, for it stood between her and

the certainty that she had never found favor in the eyes of men. "You know I lost more than my sight when my eyes went," said Carrington, after a pause. "That is why I am so anxious about the operation next week."

"Yes? You mean-"I was just engaged. And her peo-ple would not let her marry a blind man. They were quite right, weren't

they?"
"And she?" "She cried and obeyed her people." "If I had been she \_\_\_ " Marion began

"Nothing. Only I never had any people."
"You were a nurse once, Miss Norman, were you not?" said Carrington

"Yes, It is still strange to hear my-self called Miss Norman. I was Sister Marion until a year ago. But my health broke down and I had to give it

"Would you mind very much going back to it for a time—a week or so?"
"Ah! You would like me to—"

"I must have a nurse, and I would rather have someone I know." His hand went out in the vague way peculiar to the blind. Marion met it and held it a moment in her own. "I will come," she said quietly.

won't require me any more," she said with a laugh that only just escaped be-"Say, rather, when it is all over I shall be able to see you," said Carrington. "You remember, though we

have grown to know one another so between her hands and kissed her. nave never seen vou." "If he never saw me, perhaps-" The all right? I want to look nice if he thought had forced itself more than does see me!"

once into her mind, but she had beaten Marion stood by the door listening.

ton might see again. Marion went her way home and climbed up three flights of stairs to her room. It looked dark and cold-almost as cold as the streets outside, where the sleet was falling. She lit the gas stove For Marion was lying upon the sofa, and made herself a cup of tea. Then her face hidden in the cushions she looked out at the nurse's clothes "Oh, I am glad! I am glad!" which she used to wear. The aprons bed. "Oh, God, make me glad!" wanted a stitch here and there. This occupied her for some time. By 8 An inch of rainfall represents 100 tons o'clock all was finished. The sleet was of water to an acre.

still beating against the window. Even if she had had anywhere to go she could not have gone. But it is having nowhere to go that made her feel so lone-

ly. There was nothing to do but sit still and think. Marion was generally There was nothing to do but sit too busy for this, but to-night she could not help thinking a little bitterly of the loveless life she led. And then she fell to wondering what that one was like. Of course she was pretty. There was a photograph of a girl upon Carrington's mantelpiece, with "Nora Thurston" scrawled acros the foot. Doubtless that

"Oh, if I might be just a little beautiful, just for a little while!" she sighed to herself. Then reflecting that the wish was absurd, she had her supper-a couple of biscuits and a glass of milkand went to bed.

There are two kinds of women-those who offer sacrifices and those who demand it. The latter must have something to lean upon; the former must have something to support, somebody to feed or fondle or convert. It may be a husband, it may be a curate or a cat or a cannibal. Now, Marion Norman was one of those women who long vaguely for someone for whose sake they shall have a right to sacrifice them-

A fortnight had passed, and the operation was over. For some days Lewis Carrington had lain upon his sofa in a darkened room with a bandage across his eyes and a terrible dread at his heart. He was waiting for the removal of the bandage to know whether he was to see or be blind for the rest of his life. arion had been with him all the waiting upon him and reading to him. She had not been so happy for years, for Lewis Carrington depended entirely upon her. Every day she had been downstairs to answer to the inquiries of a fair-haired girl. It was the girl whose photograph stood upon the man-telpiece. Every day she had able to tell her that Lewis was going on well, and that there was every hope that he would

see as soon as his eyes were strong enough to bear the light. The evening before the day on which the question was to be decided Carrington was restless and nervous. Marion read aloud to keep his thoughts from the morrow. But she saw his fingers twitch upon the arm of his chair and knew of what he was thinking. At 10 o'clock she insisted on his going to bed. But for more than an hour Marion, who was listening by his half-open door, heard him tossing from side to side. She had decided to give him a soothing draught when his breathing became more regular, and at last settled down

into the rhythmic respiration of the sleeper. So Marion lay down on the sofa in the sitting-room. She had been asleep, as it seemed, bu a little while when something awoke her, and from where she lay she saw Carrington standing in the doorway between the sitting-room and his bed-

"Mr. Carrington! What is the mat-ter? Can I get anything for you?" she said, starting up in alarm. He did not reply, but walked slowly vithout turning his head, straight acro

the room to the window, over which a heavy pair of curtains hung. "Mr. Carrington," she said again. But he did no answer. And then she inderstood that he was asleep. For the moment, in her half-awaken-

ed state, she could not think of the right thing to do. She watched him pull one of the curtains aside. The light from a gas lamp in the street below fell full upon his face. And by the light she saw that his hands were pulling and tugging at something upon the back of his head. He was trying to take off the with the words of thy mouth." bandage from his eyes. In another moment, if he succeeded, the glare of tinguish forever the feeble glimmer of sight. Her senses, half dazed with fablind, and being blind-Her heart gave a great leap of exulta-

as he still fumbled with the bandage. "The lover is always selfish, especially if it be a woman.'

down from Carrington's lips. In an instant she was by his side, wide awake, every nerve tingling with

rom the window.

turned to her sofa. But not to sleep. She was crying, first because she was because she was not wicked enoug to field to temptation.

The next morning Lewis Carrington, during the night, was waiting for his haps his sole creditor. You are cripeyes to be uncovered. The doctor had pled financially for a time, and perhaps just arrived when the servant opened the door and whispered something to Marion rose to go.

"And when—when it is all over, you Marion left the room and ran downstair. Nora Thurston was there.

"Come up," said Marion. "You are just in time. I think he can see you." They went up the stairs together. "Go in there, dear-quietly. moment." Marion took the girl's face "Oh, is my hat straight? Do I look

it back and prayed that Lewis Carring- There was silence for some moments. Then she heard the doctor's voice. "Nora -ah, it is good to see you!" A few minutes afterward the doctor

came into the sitting-room. "What, nurse! Broken down, eh?" "Oh, I am glad! I am glad!" she sob-

EMULATED RIP VAN WINKLE. DEAR FRIENDS: How a Maine Man Disappeared from So-clety and Reappeared After Ten Years.

A faint suggestion of the story of Rip Van Winkle attaches to that told of Jim Hayes, a one-time resident of a village in western Maine, located near the

boundary line between that state and While digging out his well one morn-ing the walls caved in, burying him beneath the debris, in such a manner, however, that the stones, instead of crushing him, formed an arch over his

The brilliant idea occurred to Jim, whose aversion to work, by the way, he was and let the neighbors dig himself and incidentally his well out for

What followed only goes to show that a man may reckon without his neigh-

The latter arriving upon the scene after due deliberation and a discussion of ways and means expressed their unanimous opinion in the following un-sentimental but practical syllogism: That Jim was at once dead and bur-

That a dead man ought to be buried. Conclusion-that the best thing to be the well and Jim in such condition as

The general consensus of opinion was that the late Jim had been a lazy, good for nothing, shiftless dog, who had conferred a greater benefit upon the village by thus quietly dropping out of society without putting his neighbors to the

trouble of burying him, than he had ever done while living. Remarks to this effect, and others ven less complimentary, being borne aguely to the ears of the entombed Jim, apprising him of the worth imputed to him by his fellow townsmen, e then and there resolved to reform and mend his ways.

Realizing that a return to his old asociate and associations would be a serious bar to these good resolutions, the now-reformed Jim set industriously work to dig his way out; but instead of making his way straight upward he pursued, for a rod or two, a lateral course, which eventually brought him out a few feet the other side of the state undary line into the state of New

Here, it is averred, a steady adhernce to his subterranean resolutions made a new man of him, so that he became of sufficient importance and prominence to be made chairman of the selectmen and a member of the school

Upon returning to his native village with amazement by his old cronies, who had supposed him buried by an act of providence. Such, however, was the position he had acquired for himself in society that any feelings of incredulity which the story he told may have had aroused in their bosoms were suffered to lie dormant and were given no outward expression.

Finally, it may be said to those who have doubts concerning the truthfulness of the narrative that the foundation for it, lying, as it does, at the bottom of a well, should of itself serve to repel all such unfavorable suspicion.

NEVER ENDORSE ANY MORE. Pr. Depew Has Forty Thousand or More Reasons Why.

had both money and a friend. lent my credit to my friend; lost my money and my friend. —Old Story Revised. Oh, no, we'll never endorse any more.

-New Song.

iated all his life, from the very day he left Yale College, with rich men. He was one of Commodore Vanderbilt's "boys," and has been the intimate of the commodore's sons. The Garretts, the Scotts, the Morgans, and all the kings of the railroad and banking world for twenty years and more have been nong Mr. Depew's friends.

All of these gentlemen have been tackled by the fellows who are proverbally "short." There is a class of borrowers who want to exchange checks; that is, the borrower wants the check of a sound man to use immediately, and in return gives a check dated ten or more days ahead, when he expects that his own bank account will be rich enough to meet it. There is in this fraternity a set of downright swindlers, whose checks are returned with that exasperating stamp, "No funds." As Solomon

"My son, if thou be surety for thy

of startled comprehension, saw but one make up your mind how much you can the wind, and cold, and dust! We were eight thing, that Lewis Carrington would be afford to lose, and lend him that. He hours traveling eighteen miles to the place ried into his committee-room. -Judge. will consider seriously the repayment | where we were to stop for dinner. It was nearly of this money, while your name on his dark, and the carter, when we stopped at the tion. Motionless she sat, watching him paper will not receive a second thought. inn, said they would go no farther, and in place If his venture is a failure and your of feeding the mules, went to their rooms and money is gone, you will not be greatly began to smoke opium. Mr. Davis went to then disappointed, and your compensation The words broke in a flash across her mind—the last sentence she had taken the satisfaction of having done the best we had sent him on a day ahead, to have a warm you could for one whose appreciation of your effort you value. But your endorsement he regards as a mere formality. He believes in himself and has come with me," she whis- great contempt for your fears. At each pered in his ear, drawing him away renewal of the note he will want the amount increased or an additional note, With a sigh he turned and suffered on the plea of increasing business and imself to be led back to his room. For opportunities. When you have become a minute or two Marion watched him frightened at the sum for which he has as he settled again into a peaceful sleep. | made you responsible, and find that you | Then she bent down and hastily touch- must stop or be ruined, he will say that ed his forehead with her lips and re- unless you aid him further he will be forced into bankruptcy and you will be the cause. When he fails, as he inevitwicked enough to be tempted, and then ably will, you find that the money raised on your notes has paid enemies and strangers who insisted on his dealing with them on business principles, knowing nothing of his narrow escape and that you are his largest and perfor life, by meeting the maturing obligations which you have endorsed, and your former friend, now your bitter foe, is loudly proclaiming in his own justification that you are the author of his ruin. The result of your excursion in the careless lending of your name will be that you have lost both friend One and fortune, and have discovered, perhaps too late, that you are a fool. I have had in greater or less degree sev-

says.—N. Y. Sun.

LETTER FROM LYDIA LORD DAVIS FEU CHOU FU, Aug., 1894.

A year has passed away since I wrote you, and scarcely know where to begin. Last Summer when I wrote we were at the river, and I was having the two little girls study each day. One, you remember, was the beggar girl; one the daughter of the woman who washed for us. The daughter of the woman, Mrs. Yeh (Esh Nii by name, which means second daughter.) I have written of before, and feel so anxious that she be not married into a heathen home. It was for this reason that I kept her mother, for really she was a very incompetent woman, and my patience was often sorely tried.

The poor little beggar girl seemed wondrously happy, and Doctor found her eye was improving. From the village across the river the women liams, of Taihu, who were with us last Summer, were always an inspiration and help to us, and and we missed them much when they went back

city, and I hoped to begin a "Girls' School" at ce. We had rooms on our compound just back of our house, repainted during the Summer. Mr. Williams kindly watched the workmen for us, before we moved into the city, but the mud partitions, which are about eighteen inches thick, are very slow in drying, and we had to wait a month, until the first of October, before they were suitable for the girls to occupy. done was to do dothing-to-wit, leave | They came the 2nd of October, and the next day Mr. Davis was taken very sick. He was yery ill, indeed, and as soon as he was strong enough Doctor advised us to go to Taihu for a visit' We left the school in charge of the Christian teacher and the matron, and started one beautiful morning in the last of October. Mr. and Mrs. Clapp were with us. It is a most beautiful time of year to travel; the wadas have had time to settle from the Summer rains, and the oppressive heat of Summer is past, and the clear, blue sky above, and the mountains on either

> The children always take the attention of the people from us, and as we rode through one of the wealthy cities of the plain, through the long street, the people who came as close to the road as they could, would scarcely give us a look (for which we were glad) the baby winning all the admiration. They would say "She is the bride," referring to me, and of Mrs. Clapp, "That is the mother-in-law." At last the carts jogged and jolted into Taihu, and we felt at home among the friends there, who welcomed us so cordially gave us their best and most convenient room and did all they could to help us. Ah! we have good friends here who never forsake us. We were here two weeks, and Mr. Davis steadily improved; then we went to Tai Yiiau Fu, the Capital of the province, where are quite a company of English missionaries.

The English friends were cordiality and kindmost enjoyable. Then we went to Jiu Ts'um, the third station of our mission, and spent a committee in a little New Hampshire | week with Mr. and Mrs. Thompson in their after a lapse of ten years he was greeted | native. Then back to Taihu. From Taihu we | express, we put on the records of our so-Yiiau-where there is a native Christian who is used to go with Mrs. Thompson and me to the

only that it was very quiet and pleasant most of the way. One unusual thing was a runaway, if and example were we'll worthy of imitaso it might be called. Mr. Atwater and Mr. Davis were walking, and the driver was loitering along (the driver always walks, you know, un less, perchance, he is lazy,) when the mule went off on a run. The three men ran, also, but did not overtake me for about half a mile. I went bobbing up and down, and felt much safer when the mule quieted down and took his own slow pace again. We arrived at Ching Yiiau just as the sun was sinking behind the Western hills, and the waters of the small lake looked quiet and placid in the evening twilight in the old rambling city under the shadow of the mountain. Quiet and calm the waters of the lake strong and majestic the mountains beyond-but the people pass on from day to day, never look-

ing from nature up to nature's God. We went to the inn, and had just eaten ou apper, when Mr. Tu came in. He is truly a ristian, we believe-a man full of faith, who has given up home and parents for the sake of Christ, and now is working for Him in that heathen city. He brought two of his scholars with him, and they seemed to think so much of him.

Mr. and Mrs. Liang also live here. I think have never written you of them. He was blind and she could not walk. They came to the hos pital, and Docter was able to cure them both. I ought, as we took dinner with them that day, and they sat down together with us at the table (the first Chinese man and woman I ever saw sit at the same table and eat together), how almost like Bible times it seemed-this man, who was blind, and now could see; this woman, who was lame, and now could walk, and both seeming so

It was three o'clock when we started back to Taihu, and ten when we arrived. It seemed very weird, indeed, riding along in the dark, for the carter had no lantern. No light told us that we were approaching the wealthy city of Taihu; we could see nothing of it until we came bump Solomon evidently knew something about "hand shakers." Dr. Depew has carters. We did not know this, of course, when "Oh, I don't think it need the gas lamp would meet them and ex- come to some conclusions also, and here we started. When we got to the suburb of Taihu madam," he replied. what did they do but stop AN HOUR to feed their "Never endorse an accommodation animals, which should have been fed before we tique and sleep, Marion in that instant note. If you wish to help your friend, started. Then after that we went on but oh!

and told them they MUST go on, but they still room at the place ten miles farther on, where we always stop at night. So we sent one of the inn-keepers out to see if he could hire another eam for us. He could, but they wanted an ormous price. Mr. Davis again talked to our carters, and they agreed to go on. It was then her cheek that way to make her dimple | tion propounded.—London Letter. 8 p. m., but was no colder in the cart than in the oom, so the things were loaded on the carts again, and we started. We rode and rode, and rode, and at 2 in the morning we arrived at the place where we were to spend the night (?) Our boy was there, and had had the room warm for is, but the fire was nearly out. However, it was not very cold, and not long until morning. We started from the inn early, about 7 o'clock, to go wenty-three miles there and here, and usually each the city at 4 p. m., but these wretched arters never got us there until 10 at night. Well did feel indignant! The girls were still in the nool. Of course they had not gotten on as ell as if under the eye of a foreigner, but they ad held together; that was something; but the resight of the poor little beggar girl was gone past recovery. Perhaps because they did not give her proper food-we do not surely know Poor little thing! At Christmas we had a quiet time with the girls and some of the Christians, giving them a

His was the fierceness of desperation. to be taken from the rooms, and they splash and "You must take me just as I am," he ex-claimed, "or not at all." For an instant room, with a little papering, also; so you see we only she contemplated him. "As you like," she observed, not without a tincture of regret in her manner, "but I am | the Summer. And now here we are at the river, ure of regret in her manner, "but I am sure you will be sorry—" She reached for her kodak. "—that you didn't look pleasanter and hold your chin just a trifle higher."—Detroit Tribune.

## In Baking Powders "Royal" Leads.

As the result of my tests, I find the ROYAL BAKING POWDER superior to all the others in every respect. It is entirely free from all adulteration and unwholesome impurity, and in baking it gives off a greater volume of leavening gas than any other powder. It is therefore not only the purest, but also the strongest powder with which I am acquainted.

> WALTER S. HAINES, M. D., Prof. of Chemistry, Rush Medical College, Consulting Chemist, Chicago Board of Health.

All other baking powders are shown by analysis to contain alum, lime or ammonia.

ROYAL BAKING POWDER CO., 106 WALL ST., NEW-YORK, Same and the contraction of the

has been sorrow, but ALL has come from the Father's hand, who knows our weakness, who remembers that we are but dust," who has said 'My grace is sufficient for thee." "My grace shall supply all your needs." I am strength at times when I remember your prayers for me Will you not continue to pray that the "Lord's strength may be made perfect in my weakness, that "My meat may be to do His will."

LYDIA LORD DAVIS. TIENTSEIN, CHINA.

OBITUARY.

MRS. REBECCA HART. The ladies of the Missionary society held memorial service Friday afternoon, Oct. 12, 1894, and adopted the following

WHEREAS, our Heavenly Father hath een pleased to take from our midst, unto Himself, our beloved sister, Mrs. Rebecca pleasant home. I have written you of their | Hart, with a sorrow and sense of beplace, which was once the home of a wealthy reavement and loss which words fail to ciety this simple tribute to her

Inasmuch as it hath pleased our Heav

enly Father to remove, by death, from our church and society our beloved sister, Mrs. Rebecca Hart, we do sincerely mourn her loss and feel that her Christian life tion. Always kind and charitable, she had a loving smile and kind word for all. Mrs. Hart came to Ravenna in 1854 with her husband, who was pastor of the Congregational church from that time until 1861. She was the first president of the Ladies' Benevolent society and has always felt much interested in it, also in both home and foreign missions; she was also one of the first members of our mis sionary society and has been greatly interested in it, being very particular to send in her yearly offering, notwithstand-ing the fact she has not been able to attend the meetings regularly. She al ways looked forward to the meeting that were held, as they sometimes were in her own home. She was a loving and

faithful servant of Christ; interested in all branches of Christian work and was person in all respects that one felt the better for coming in contact with. Her loss is one that will be felt as personal loss to the members of our church and society, but we believe that "our loss is her eternal happiness" and we submito the will of an all-wise Father, who "doeth all things well" and rest in the

assurance that "all things work together for good, to those who love Him.' That in further testimony of our respect, we tender our heartfelt sympathy to her bereaved family, assuring then that we will cherish pleasant memories of her life and labors. That a copy of this tribute of love be recorded with the minutes of the society, presented to her family and furnished the village press

MRS. A. F. WAIT, MRS. S. J. POST.

Not Necessary. "My dear sir," asked an English lady of the member from Slabtown, at Albany, "why do you not have screen gratings in front of the ladies' gallery, "Oh, I don't think it necessary,

"Necessary? Whatever do "Why, I think we have quite finelooking women here," and then he hur-

Man's Stupidity. "I wonder what that girl is working her face around to one side all the time for?" asked the fussy man on the North

bow."-Indianapolis Journal.

Indianapolis car. "Do you reckon she's got the toothache?" "Here you have been married fifteen years and don't know any more about girls than that," replied his wife in dis-

ON THE EVE OF HIS WEDDING. The Frightful Difficulty Which Confronted a Philadelphian in Delaware.

to the young man whose fancy lightly turns to thoughts of love. But when it comes to the actual ceremony there are a thousand and one terrors which surround and threaten to overcome him. Marriage in some states is easy; in others it is as difficult as obtaining a divorce. A well-known Philadelphian, says the Press, was about to be married to a beautiful young woman who lived in the State of Delaware. He had no idea that the marriage laws of that state were of an appalling nature. He had secured his license and thought that was all that was neces-

"Have you filed your bond yet?" said someone to him the day before the wed-

"What?" gasped he. "You know every man who is married in this state has to file a bond for the protection of the state."

The bridegroom was rather dubious, but was finally persuaded that this was "I'll see a lawyer about it in the morning," said he. So he went to a friend, who was a legal light, and said:
"See here. They tell me I have to

give a bond to the state when I get mar-"Certainly. Haven't you done so?" in a surprised way.

"No, I never heard of such a thing What kind of bond is it?" "Oh, any real estate will do." "But I haven't any real estate." The lawyer looked at him a moment.

Then he solemnly said: "Haven't you any friends who own property?"
"None that I care to ask to bind it up that way. I can't ask my bride's rel-

atives, you know."

His friend looked at him pityingly. "You can't postpone the wedding, can "What?" fairly shrieked the unfortun-"Of course, of course not," said the

legal light soothingly. But the poor bridegroom looked stricken. "I'll tell you what I'll do, old man. I'll tend to the matter for you. Don't give yourself any more concern about The young-man-about-to-be-married grasped his hand. He could not speak for a moment, and then he poured forth

his thanks. "He picked up his hat in a relieved sort of way and walked to the door. Then he turned. "By the way, I forgot to ask you how large is the amount of the bond re-

quired?"
"Fifty cents," said the lawyer.

Failed to Make a Point. While speaking of royalty I am reminded of an incident that occurred recently at Windsor. An association of which Princess Christian is President met in the royal borough, and by an invitation of the Queen, visited the mausoleum at Frogmore, the third time only that the tomb of the Prince Consort has been thrown open to the pub-When the members were being received in the mausoleum by the Princess one of them a woman, undertook to make a remark fraught with tact so that she might ingratiate herself with royalty. Pointing to the objects which she

named she said: "There's where your father lies; there's your sister, 'the Princess Alice, and there's the place where they'll lay the Queen, but where are they going

to put you?"
There was an impressive and icy stillness, broken after an embarrassed pause gust. "Don't you see she's got her by an observation from the Princess young man with her? She's twisting which was not an answer to the ques-

# Government Reports

# Baking Powders.

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THE PROOF.

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Dr. Price's Cream Baking Powder . . . . . . . 166

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at the World's Columbian Fair was the result of investigation by the Government authorities and leading experts in food products. It stamps Dr. Price's as the best and strongest baking powder ever offered to the public.

when all put on gay attire and take a holiday. When school epened again in March I also had ome women on the place, studying. I enjoy the eral such experiences." time so much when the women come. Two stayed is said on good authority that Dr. ed three weeks, and one only a week. I was Depew lost \$40,000 last year by endors-ing notes. He'll never do it again, he ing whitewashing done, getting ready for our

and sometimes cracked and broke.

was a neighborhood proverb, that rather than subject himself to the labor of digging his way to the surface it would be shrewd dodge to remain quietly where | baby-organ and go up to the village and hold a service, singing songs, and having an earnest talk by the native Christian. Mr and Mrs. Wil-

> to their own station, in the Fall. The first of September we moved back to the

side the plain, make a picture which is beautiful to see.

ess itself, and made our stay of three weeks conducting a school. He is the Mr. Tu (do) who

The next day we visited his school, and some women also came in.

up against the closed gate, and the carter shoutfriend, if thou hast stricken thy hand ed to the watchman to open the gate, and we with a stranger, thou art snared with rode in through the dark, deserted streets to the the words of thy mouth, thou art taken Mission compound. When we came home to Fen Cheu Fu from Taihu, a week later, we did

nner, and afterward we held a short service n the chapel. The middle of January school closed for the Chinese New Year-their one yearly festival,

Annual Meeting. It means something to have whitewashing done here, where every thing has